THE OBSERVER.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, January* 17, 1807. *No.* 3.

For the Observer.

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF
BENJAMIN BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

No III.

"Ye, who from your natural disposition, as well as from your education, are in all things good and kindly affectioned, moderate and worthy, be favourable to this work."

At a time, when the press is wearied by repeated solicitations for patronage, many apologies might be thought necessary for the attempt of my friend, the Editor of this Miscellany. But I am glad to find that he has made none. The dignity of literature should not be degraded by the supplicating tone of the demagogue. Like a perfect aristocracy, a Literary Miscellany should win its laurels by merit, and not owe its popularity to the plausibility of its promises.

The city of Baltimore, already distinguished by her commercial enterprise, begins to manifest a taste for the arts and sciences, which must soon rescue her from the contemptuous sneers of her rival sisters, and makes her a powerful competitor in the paths of literature, as she already is in those of trade. We have among us many gallant spirits, who can wield the sword of disputation, with the adroitness of the logical gladiator, and we possess those who can wave the wand of Prospero, and lull us to repose by the melody of the muse.

The establishment of St. Mary's College should be regarded as an event of importance to the whole state. From the character of its reverend principal, a man of deep erudition and high attainments, who reflects such honour on his distinguished station, and from the abilities and untiring zeal of those whom his discernment, has selected to co-operate in his arduous task, we may confidently anticipate a system of education, classical and correct, a discipline wholesome and pure, and a morality virtuous and upright. Although his seminary is yet in its infancy, we can, with no extravagant effort of the imagination, view the muses seeking the shades of its academic bowers, to

lisp their softest inspirations to the breeze, and hear her walls resound with the ambitious voice of the juvenile orator.

This amiable and learned prelate can scarcely regret his native shores, from which he was driven by the turbulence of a wicked rebellion, directed by a race of *rascal rebels,* the miserable mushrooms from the filth of Jacobinism, who exerted their unhallowed force with equal violence against the blood of a benign sovereign, and the retirement of the sequetsered cloister. In the consciousness of the daily performance of a most important duty, and in the enjoyment of the continued love and veneration of his pupils, how justly may he be apostrophised in the language of our immortal poet:

> Dis, dilecte SENEX te Jupiter æquus oportet
> Nascentem, & mihi lustrarit lumine Phœbus
> Atlantisque nepos———————
> Hinc longæva viret lento sub store senectus,
> Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
> Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum *mentis acumen*
> Ergo ego te ———————————
> ——PATER, *jubeo longum salvere per ævum?**

Our female seminaries are numerous and respectable, and many of their conductors are eminently qualified to give to the sex, which, Cowper says, *man was born to please,* those accomplishments which dignify and adorn their minds, and prepare them to move in the high rank which nature has designed. Indeed *an observer* of our city would be ignorant of one of the sweetest attractions which it possesses, if he were not acquainted with the character of our fair. Their manners are such as are calculated to give that polish to the amenities of social intercourse which render society agreeable. Familiar without licentiousness, correct without prudery, and sensible without pedantry, they delight, restrain and improve. Such is the province of woman. To delight and be amused, to restrain and be controuled, to improve and be instructed. While they maintain their proper dignity in society, they must always force a correspondent degree of respect. And, with the exception of a solitary few, who for want of mental resources can be amused with the alternate fortune of a card, or from a detestable spirit of cupidity, resort to the gaming-table to satiate their avarice, it is due to our females to proclaim their charms and their virtues.

Painting is cultivated with some degree of assiduity, and her sister art is not neglected. The Sylphs themselves seem to regard our ladies, they thrid through the mazy ringlets of the hair, and teach them to warble such sounds of melody, as,

> Heaven well pleas'd might stoop to hear.

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* Milton ad mansum.

In such a society, and a place apparently so auspicious to the persuits of literature, an editor may be stimulated to his vocation by the hope of cherishing and increasing a spirit of literary emulation and of evincing that Baltimore contains many who are zealous for the diffusion of correct principles in manners, morality and literature.

The timidity of some may regard the experiment as chimerical, and many may view the success of his labours as at least dubious. The number of similar undertakings which have failed in this country afford a lamentable proof of the slender capacity with which they were conducted, or they convince the world that there is not yet sufficient taste among us to encourage and support a literary life. With so many examples sufficient to damp the most sanguine, it were presumptuous, in the editor of this miscellany, to be too confident of success; but an attempt to deserve it may be viewed with a merciful eye. The occupation of an editor is one in which unremitted corporeal labour earns but a small and precarious recompence; and much literary taste must be exerted with a very humble portion of the meed of fame.

His office should be not undertaken rashly; but should be the result of deep deliberation, upon its difficulties and its delights. He should ponder well upon the *Delphic inscription,* and not neglect the advice of Juvenal, in the favourite satire of his last and best translator:

> Magno discrimine causam
> Protegere affectas? te cousule, dic tibi, *quis sis*
> Noscendæ est mensura tuo.

Of the erect and independant spirit of his vocation, he should neither flatter power nor palliate vice. He should endeavour to hold a true mirror up to nature, and not lose the glory of the race for the apple of gold. If virtue be applauded, let every virtuous man believe that his merit is observed; and when folly is ridiculed, let evey fool feel his own insignificance. But when the voice of reprobation is raised in "the high places" against vice, let her shrink abashed and hide her diminished head. Let the "galled jade wince;" but let no man presume to apply the speculations of a literary miscellany to his neighbour. "Thou fool, first pluck out the mote from thine own eye." A general character is always sufficient, unless the intention be malevolent, without drawing the portrait so accurately as to attract the attention of the world towards the individual who sat before the artist. And he, it may be supposed, will have wit enough to conceal the application. Qui se fera connoitre mal á propos? asks Le Sage.

An editor cannot flatter himself into a belief that he can either controul the winds or impede the torrent. Such infatuation was reserved for the inordinate extravagance of Persian ambition. But with the aid of a few zealous spirited minds which cannot tamely listen to the taunts of *the lookers on here in Athens,* our Editor

may hope to rescue this city from the Bæotian stigma. Even if their exertions be not crowned by the bays of success, as their aim has been to inculcate the principles of morality, to display the most flattering incitements to good, and to throw every obstacle in the velvet paths of evil, his assistants may at least contemplate their vain employment with some degree of complacency. At the termination of their labours, they may solace the mortification of disappointment by the cheering reflection, that many have caught "hints of truth, which it is now their duty to pursue, and that those who have received no improvement, have wanted, not opportunity, but intention, to improve."

I have devoted the speculations of this evening to a task of the most disinterested nature, as it regards the personal views of the editor of this paper. There are no ties subsisting between us which should purchase a venal voice in his favour, and of the talents he may possess, it is not for me to pronounce any opinion. But let him have the encouragement that is *due* to his attempt, and I trust he can fulfil his obligations. For myself, considerations of a higher import have stimulated me to call, with a voice neither timid nor arrogant, neither feeble nor clamorous, upon those whose duty it is to listen. Their lights are not given to them to be hidden under a bushel. It is theirs to illuminate the gloom of ignorance, to dissipate the fumes of folly and reflect a bright lustre upon our name.

Not long shall be our labour; soon
Effect shall end our wish.
——To strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.

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For the Observer.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR. ARS. POET.

Mixing together profit and delight.

There are few persons I believe, who do not admit the importance of the study of history, but from the careless and incomplete manner in which it is generally attended to, I am disposed to view this admission very much in the light of the common professions of belief in the christian religion, as in both cases few take the trouble to examine the grounds on which they speak; but as these two things were taught them before they had sufficient confidence in their own acquirements, to question the opinions of their parents, they suffer themselves to continue to believe, but are not inclined to examine the reasonableness of such belief.

For the purpose of presenting to your readers, in a small compass, the principal advantages which are derived from the study of history, I send you this paper, to which, if you deem it worthy, you will give a place in your miscellany.

I think the greatest advantage produced by the study of history, and that which deserves to be first mentioned, is, its effect in strengthening the sentiments of virtue. All dishonesty, injustice and oppression, result from the limited and contracted views of those who practise them. By our own observations we can obtain only partial views, in consequence of the shortness of our existence here, and of prejudices to which we seem naturally liable, some of which are increased and others instilled into us by wrong modes of education. In history we have a perfect view of what, on different occasions, was the interest of those who have lived before us; we see all the facts detailed, the delineation is complete ; all the circumstances are fully displayed, and we judge of them without partiality, which generally insinuates itself into our decisions, with regard to the things in which we have had any personal concern.

It is the duty of historians to give the full force and true aspect of every transaction, with all its appropriate colouring, and from the general solicitude to see all matters of history correctly stated, or from the rivalry which exists amongst historians, great activity and penetration are displayed by them, in detecting and rectifying the errors of their predecessors ; it is therefore eminently the interest of those who undertake to write histories, to consult all writers who have preceded them on the same subjects, or on subjects which have any connexion with theirs, and to obtain new matter from any authentic sources which have not before been explored. By the complete views of subjects with which they thus furnish us, we shall certainly be convinced of the eligibility of a virtuous life ; it will generally be seen, that the vicious and profligate, although for sometime successful, either suffer some reverses before the close of life, or even in the full tide of prosperity, they are wretched. On the other hand, it will be found, that they who have lived virtuously, although sometimes disappointed and subjected to privations, appear to be under some powerful protection, by which they are guarded from great misfortunes ; they are generally content, and have almost always the happiness of closing their lives with tranquility and resignation.

History, moreover, gives us the most unequivocal conviction of the existence of a God ; whoever attentively reviews the rise, decline and fall, of the different empires which have flourished and observes how the great and the trivial acts of nations and of individuals, have been made subservient to ends very different from those which were contemplated by the actors in them, will be constrained to acknowledge the hand of a divine providence. Setting aside the implicit belief which we are taught by the sacred writings, to have in the superintendance of the Almighty in the affairs of men ; the idea of nations rising and falling by accident, appears to me too absurd to require a refutation. The city of Damascus was taken, and a termination put to the kingdom which the Syrians had established, a considerable

time after it had been predicted by Amos and Isaiah, which prediction could not have been founded on human calculations of the incapacity of the Syrians to resist their enemies, as the king of Assyria was pointed out as the person who should lay waste the city of Damascus, with whom the Syrians were then at peace. And the destruction of Ninevah was accomplished more than an hundred years after it had been foretold by the prophets, at which time, from existing circumstances, it was by no means probable. That the great and populous cities of Babylon, Palmyra and Carthage, had flourishing countries and many other advantages to support them, cannot be denied; but when the time had arrived at which their greatness was to be reduced, and their pride to be humbled a mad warrior was selected for the destroyer of the first, and the power of the Roman empire, which had increased with astonishing rapidity, was used as an instrument to overturn the other two. What is now the condition of this wondrous Roman empire, the tremendous engine of the destruction of others? she has long since lost her rank among warlike nations, and her extent has been diminished until the poor remnant has been attached to the great empire which has lately started into existence, and which is justly viewed with dreadful apprehension by almost all the civilized world.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EARL MANSFIELD.

Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand,
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

The life of the Earl of Mansfield would exhibit a very curious and desirable piece of professional biography; but marking only a *very faint outline* of this exalted Character (and we profess no more) with sufficient *comprehensive* propriety, would require a review of every striking political and legal incident in parliament, and the courts of justice, during the present and preceding reigns, and would consequently very far transcend our limits. Mansfield is a constellation that has illumined *both*; equally the pride of sovereignty in George the second, and George the third.

Genius is of no country, in other words, it is not exclusively confined to any, but found occasionally in all;

"From Indus to the Pole."

Lord Mansfield was born in *Scotland.** The goddess *Suada*, very early enthroned herself upon his lips. He gave the earliest indication of a fine genius, and of a disposition to cultivate it by application. It is yet the traditionary tale of his country, that, almost in infancy, he was accustomed to declaim upon his native mountains, and repeat to the envied winds the most celebrated speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero, not only in their original text, but in his own inimitable translations of them.

His accomplishments as a gentleman, were not inferior to his acquisition as a scholar. He is painted by the great British bard, as possessing both in their farthest extent, as

> "Equal the injur'd to defend,
> To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend."

His fame will be co-eternal with the English language. Pope has recorded it, and lamented his secession from the service of

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* He was educated at Westminster school; and went afterwards to Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1724, where he continued many years, and took the degree of doctor of laws. In 1728, he made a celebrated exercise in verse, to which the first prize was adjudged. A very elegant picture of his lordship, as large as life, is over the door in the hall, which is triumphantly shewn to all strangers. After a short time spent in travel, he studied the Law in Lincoln's-Inn, and was called to the bar in 1731. He came into full business immediately :—there was no interval between his first appearance and his being universally resorted to upon all matters of consequence. The ground which fortune had given him, he maintained with great applause : he grew every day in reputation, and made a shining figure at the bar on every public, solemn, and interesting occasion. In November, 1742, he was appointed solicitor general. He was member of the house of commons from that time till he was called to the house of peers, and took a distinguished part in all debates of consequence.—In April 1754, he was made attorney general.—It is still remembered, that during the time he held his office, he succeeded in many causes, civil and criminal, for the king, and never lost one; because he made it a rule that the king should always be clearly in the right; and the moment the case appeared doubtful, he threw it up.

In November, 1756, he was appointed chief justice, and immediately after being sworn into office the great seal was put to a patent, creating him baron of Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, with limitation to the heirs male of his body From that time the business of the court of king's bench was immense. His lordship was immediately sworn of the privy council, who for many years almost singly relied upon him in the determination of all causes relative to prizes and the plantations. The precision, the impartiality, the consummate knowledge, the clear discernment and dispatch with which these causes have been determined, are the admiration of the world; and though the number has been almost incredible, the value prodigious, and frequently the most difficult, arduous, and important, the captors, and all parties concerned, have acquiesced in the justice, wisdom, and propriety of his determination.

His lordship was called to the cabinet counsel of the late king, and of his present majesty, by whom he was created an earl, in October, 1776 In April, 1757, he was appointed chancellor of the exchequer; and was afterwards one of the commissioners of the great seal, and presided in chancery, the admiration of the court and of the world.

the belles lettres, and the muses, to the profession of the law, in this memorable line—

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

And had he not been in some degree formalized by the shackles of a law education, and extended his studies to those, emphatically called "*Literæ Humaniores,*" there is no doubt of of his having stood first in that walk of literature. He was the delight and ornament of the drawing-room, and his company equally sought by the gay and the serious. A certain suavity of manners the most polished and engaging, accompanied by peculiar charms of conversation, operated like the power of the loadstone, to universal attraction.

Fame instantaneously announced his "call to the bar," and distinguished him as unrivalled in oratory, at an æra too, when the followers of the profession were *Goliahs* of ability and power. It was very early after his appearance in his professional character, that he was employed on an important occasion, at the bar of the house of commons; where he so eminently distinguished himself, that Sir Robert Walpole declared the merit of his speech to be so great, that it almost appeared to him to be an oration of Cicero. Mr. Pulteney in the same instant rose to complete the eulogium, by observing, that he not only could imagine the speech which had been just delivered was the composition of Cicero, but that the Roman orator had himself pronounced it. Thus these two great men, who had hated and opposed each other with so much rancour, *in this single instance* united, to compose the most brilliant panegyric, that was, perhaps, ever bestowed on rising merit. The splendour of glory which he obtained by his campaigns at the bar, had no parellel.

In his *political oratory,* (as a speaker in the house of commons) if he was not without a rival, no one had the honour of *surpassing* him; and let it remembered, that his competitor was Pitt.

The rhetorician that addressed himself to Tully in these memorable words, "*Demosthenes tibi præripuit, ne primus, esses orator,* "*Tu illi, ne solus,*" anticipated their application to Mansfield and Pitt.—If the one possessed Domosthenean fire and energy, the other was at least a Cicero. Their oratory differed in species, but was equal in merit. There was at least no superiority on the side of Pitt.—Mansfield's eloquence was not indeed of that daring, bold, declamatory kind, so irresistibly powerful in the momentary bustle of popular assemblies; but it was possessive of that pure and attic spirit, and seductive power of persuasion, that delights, instructs, and *eventually* triumphs. It has been very beautifully and justly compared to a river, that meanders through verdant meads and flowery gardens, reflecting in its crystal bosom the varied objects that adorn its banks, and refreshing the country through which it flows.

To illustrate his oratory by example, would require voluminous transcripts from the records of Parliament and it is unnecessary, as we can appeal to *living* recollection.

——————When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
And steals his sweet and honied sentences.—
Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish,
You would suppose him the most learned prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all-in all his study
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unlose,
Familiar as his garter.

(To be continued.) SHAKESPERE

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

We are not sure that we have perused any book, since the commencement of our critical career, that has afforded us more entertainment than those little volumes. They were written in the author's declining years, for the use of his children; and are tinctured, no doubt, with the garrulity of age, as well as overburdened with petty anecdotes and trifling details, which cannot be expected to command an extensive interest: But the narrative is, upon the whole, so gay and airy, the tone of sentiment so mild and unassuming, and the living pictures with which the busiest part of the scene is crowded, so full of delicacy, truth, and vivacity, that it is impossible not to be charmed with the greater part of the performance.

As the interest which it excites, however, in its various stages, is different both in kind and in degree, we shall separate, both in our abstract and our observations, the history of the author's early life and education, from the narrative of his occupations in Paris; and dismiss, with very little notice, the short and imperfect sketch which he has given, in the concluding volume, of the first events of the revolution.

Marmontel was born in 1723, in the little town of Bort, in the Limosin, in a very humble rank of society. He has not specified the profession of his father; but, from the account which he has given of the domestic economy of his family, and of the state of society among their equals, it is sufficiently apparent that their condition was but one degree removed from that of the ordinary peasantry. Nothing has struck us more, we will confess than the refinement, intelligence, and independence, which he describes as prevailing in this class of society. We had no idea

that the lower orders in France were by any means so well educated, so comfortable, or so well informed, as they appear to be from the incidental statement of these memoirs ; and the whole account of this village society has been to us, we will confess, full of interest and instruction. In a family which seems to have lived, like that of Fabricius, upon roasted turnips and chesnuts, clothed with hemp and wool spun by the hands of their females, and lodged in a cottage surrounded with bee-hives and apple trees, we find not only the purest and most tender affection, but a degree of intelligence, and even of accomplishment, that seem to belong to a very different condition. The mother of Marmontel, with no other education than that of the little convent of Bort, had acquired he says, not only a remarkable polish of mind, but a feeling or propriety in her language, so delicate and fine, that it seemed to be pure the instinct of good taste, and made a great impression on the bishop of the diocese, to whom she afterwards wrote in behalf of her son ; and Marmontel himself, though his father could not scrape together four or five pounds in the year for the expences of his education, was not only instructed in Latin, along with the other children of the village, by a philanthropic priest in the neighbourhood, but was carried, at the age of eleven, to the little college of Mauriac. We do not know whether this was common among the peasantry of old France ; but we believe that few instances of similar indulgence or ambition could be produced among the poor of this country :...and yet, from the description of the establishment at Mauriac, it would appear that all the pupils were nearly of this description.

"I was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars, at an honest mechanic's in the town ; and my father, sad enough to return without me, left me there with my packet and provisions for the week : these provisions consisted of a large loaf of rye-bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon and two or three pounds of beef ; my mother had added to them a dozen apples. This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholars of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for us ; and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her *lodging*, and even the vegetables of her little garden that she furnished for our soup, we gave her twelvepence halfpenny a piece per month ; so that my whole expences might amount to between four and five pounds a year ; a very great sum for my father to advance."

In this humble seminary he remained studying the languages, logic, and rhetoric, for six years ; and, though naturally deficient in memory, soon came, by unwearied application and regularity, to be one of the most distinguished scholars in his class. We pass over a number of school anecdotes of exercises, robberies, and rebellions ; but we cannot resist mentioning one little simple trait of maternal pride and affection. The first boy in each class was honoured with a cross of merit, which he wore at his bosom.

"When my dimity waistcoats were returned," says our author "to my mother to be washed, she looked eagerly to see whether the silver chain which suspended the cross had blackened my buttenhole; and if she preceived that mark of triumph, all the mothers in the neighbourhood were told of her joy—our good nuns returned thanks to heaven—and my dear Abbé Vaissière with more fervour than any of them."—[*Edin. Rev.*]

[*To be continued.*)

MARVELLOUS.

From a late London Publication.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE,
IN THE FAMILY OF LORD TYRONE.

.....
.....Would ye believe
Were one to arise from the dead?
.....

(Concluded from page 26.)

When the clergyman had left Lady Beresford she sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady ———, and her son, of whom sir M. Beresford was father, and who was then about twelve years of age, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to quit the room. "I have something said she, to communicate to you both before I die,a period which is not far distant. You, lady, areno stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles...those of Deism, when the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty,we made a solemn promise to each other, that whichever should happen to die first, would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to him. Accordingly one night, when sir M. and myself were in bed, I awakened, and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bed-side; I screamed out and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake sir M. For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, said I by what means, or for what purpose came you here at this time of night." "Have you then forgot our promise," said he, "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you,

that you are now with child of a son, who it is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth, sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable by, you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age.

Just Heaven, exclaimed I, and cannot I prevent this? "Undoubtedly you may," returned he—you have a free assent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no such trial, nor am I permitted to tell you; but if, after this warning, you persist in your infidelity your lot in the next world will be miserable indeed." "May I ask, said I, if you are happy," "Had I been otherwise, said he, I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you." "I may thence infer you are happy?" he smiled; "but how," said I, "when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination." "Will not the news of my death said he be sufficient to convince you?" "No returned I, I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass; I wish to have stonger proof of its reality." "You shall," said he,—then waving his hand, the bed curtains which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form was suspended: "In that, said he, you can not be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this." "True said I, but sleeping, we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might—I shall still doubt." He then said, "you have a pocket-book, in which I will write, you know my hand-writing." I replied, "yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still, said I, in the morning, I doubt, though awake, I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief, said he, I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably, it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I do not regard a small blemish, said I." "You are a woman of courage, said he, hold out your hand." I did; he touched my wrist; his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered,—"Now, said he, while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist, to see it would be sacrilege." He stopped—I turned to him again—he was gone.—During the time in which I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake sir M. but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning sir Marcus arose and dressed himself as usual, without

perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found sir M. was gone down, I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in a large house is frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtain, as I imagined their extraordinary position, would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion inquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribbond which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by sir Marcus; he instantly remarked my confusion, and inquired the cause. I assured him I was perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop all inquiries concerning the black ribbond he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause.—You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth, your father died in my arms.

After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of m days in solitude: but few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration. I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor conld I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years, I ceased to regard him with indifference; I endeavoured by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

"The moment he entered the room he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable, that I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate was inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband after a few years were passed, amply warranted my demand for a separation; I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon and once more reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed

my forty-seventh year; but alas! I have heard this day from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto laid under a mistake with regard to my age, that I am but forty-seven this day. Of the near approach of my death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sacred precepts of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality forever.

"When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you, my lady, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribbond, and let my son with yourself behold it. Lady B. here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honor he would in future receive from an union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady B. then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady ——— and her son immediately called her attendants and quitted the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change in her to call them instantly. An hour passed, and all was silent in the room, they listened at the door and every thing was still but in about half an hour more a bell rung violently, they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door of it, they heard the servants exclaim, "my mistress is dead!" Lady —— then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady B.'s son with herself approached the bed of his mother, they knelt down by the side of it, Lady ——— then lifted up her hand, unbound the black ribbond, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady B. had described, every nerve withered and every sinew shrunk up. Lady B.'s son, as has been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter; the black ribbond and pocket-book are now in possession of Lady ——, by whom the above narrative is stated, in Ireland, who, together with the Tyrone family, will be found ready to attest the truth.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

But late I roam'd the sylvan scene
And wander'd thro' the smiling glade,
Each hill was fresh, each tree was green,
And gay with joy the rural shade.

Again with thoughtless steps I rov'd,
And sought the mountain and the vale,
Alas! how chang'd the scenes I lov'd
How piercing was the wint'ry gale!

The sere and yellow leaf now fell;
No verdure smil'd, no song of joy;

The brooks with foaming torrents swell,
And winter hasten'd to destroy.

Yet such, O man, thy changeful scene!
Thy blooming youth and fading age,
This, now with spring's young vigour green,
That, blasted with th' autumnal rage,

And oft' when nature fresh and gay,
In blushing beauty hails the spring,
The buds inhale the genial day,
And all around their fragrance fling.

Sudden an all destroying storm
Of wint'ry cold and nipping frost,
Their tender beauties quick deform;
Their pride is gone, their bloom is lost.

O memory! would some opiate charm
A kindly gen'rous aid impart!
Thee, of thy keenest spells disarm;
And lull thy influence o'er the heart.

For ah Maria! this sad scene
Thy sudden fate displays too true;
But late we mark'd thy spring so green,
When all was health and life yet new.

"The traveller shall come again,
"Who saw thee in thy blooming pride,
"His eyes will search the fields in vain,"
Forever to his sight denied.

Yet is there one whose votive lay,
The mournful tribute shall bestow:
Shall give thy virtues to the day,
Inspir'd with freindship's warmest glow,

For thou wert good, and own'd each pow'r,
To make the social virtues thine;
To charm away the fleeting hour,
And sense and taste and worth combine.

Those grateful toils of Hymen's state,
The mother's and the partner's care;
How well perform'd they can relate,
From whom still flows the tribute tear.

To rove thro' paths where muses stray;
To cull the choicest flow'rets there,
To steal their richest sweets away,
Was aye thy dearest warmest care.

Gone, now imagination's powers;
And still the tongue that wont to charm;
Yet oft' we'll muse the pensive hours'
And think of thee while life is warm.

JACQUES.

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For the Observer.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR FOR A KEEPSAKE.

Close conceal'd, within my bosom,
Precious present! safely rest;
Gift of her whose lovely image,
Long has fill'd my anxious breast.

From each curious eye I've hid thee,
Where no hand could near thee rove ;
Next my heart each night I've plac'd thee,
And in vision clasp'd my love.

O ! what sweet, what mix'd sensations,
Sweetest treasure ! dost thou bring ;
Joy and pain, love's close connexions.
In my breast alternate spring.

Now, fond hope, with smiles enchanting,
Bids me banish every care.
Wildly now my bosom panting,
Yields to doubt, and dark despair !

Yet, sweet gift ! I'll fondly fold thee,
Still, blest hope ! thy smiles believe ;
Hence ! with care, distrust and sorrow,
Mira never can deceive ! PHILARIO.

SELECTED.

Copy of verses on Mr. DAY *Who from his landlord ran-a-way.*

Here Day and night conspir'd a sudden flight,
For Day, they say is run-a-way by night,
Day's past and gone, why landlord, where's your rent ?
Did not you see that Day was almost spent ?
Day pawn'd and sold, and put off what he might ;
Tho' it be ne'er so dark, Day will be light.
You had one Day a tenant ; and would fain
Your eyes could see that Day but once again
No, landlord, no ; now you may truly say,
(And to your cost too) you have lost the day.
Day is departed in a mist, I fear ;
For Day is broke, and yet does not appear.
From time to time he promis'd still to pay ;
You should have rose before the break of Day,
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For Day was cunning, and broke over night.
Day, like a candle, is gone out, but where
None knows, unless to t'other hemisphere.
Then to the tavern let us haste away,
Come, cheer, up—hang't—tis but a broken day,
And he that trusted Day for any sum
Will have his money, if that Day will come,
But how now, landlord, what's the matter pray ?
What ! you can't sleep, you long so much for Day ?
Have you a mind, sir, to arrest a Day ?
There's no such bailiff now as Joshua.
Cheer up then man ! what tho' you've lost a sum
Do you not know that pay day yet may come ?
I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,
My life for your's, Day comes again to-morrow,
And for your rent—never torment your soul,
You'll quickly see Day peeping through a hole.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED,
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY JOSEPH ROBINSON, 4 NORTH CHARLES-STREET.